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Harvard University

**FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
CLASS OF 1866**

Harvard University

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
CLASS OF 1866



BOSTON
SEPTEMBER, 1916

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70 State Street, Boston

22 August, 1916

CLASSMATES:

I am sending you the story of our celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of our graduation, principally, of course, for the benefit of those of us who could not be there.

Thirty-two good men and true,* to wit:—

Abercrombie	Leonard
Batchelor	Mason
Buswell	Murdock
Carpenter	Peabody
Derby	Peirce
Dixon	Perry
Dunbar	Putnam
Emerson	Sargent
Farlow	Shaw
Fenno	Stoddard
Fiske	Storey
Flagg	Stratton
Gregg	Underwood
Haskins	Vinton
Hayes	Ward
Hawes	Williams

met at the Harvard Club, 374 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, on the evening of Wednesday, June 21, the day before Commencement. Opportunity was given before dinner to inspect the handsome club house built in 1914. Shortly before we went into our dining room the Secretary was given a beautiful silver bowl and salver, Hayes making the presentation speech in behalf of the Class. Before sitting down to dine a flash light photograph was taken of us, which you all have had an opportunity of buying if you so desired. Grace was said by Batchelor, and the gallant thirty-two proceeded to attack boldly the bill of fare, which is hereto annexed, not for the purpose of

*"and handsome, too." Vide Hayes' "Selected Songs," page 36.

exciting the envy of the absentees, but that you may contrast it with the menu of our Sophomore Class Supper at Taft's, Point Shirley, fifty-three years ago, and with that of our dinner at the Parker House twenty-five years ago, both menus being hereto annexed. After the coffee the Secretary read a few letters and a cable from Osgood,* and after the singing of "Fair Harvard" for which Carpenter played the accompaniment, different classmates were called upon to speak. It was a disappointment that there was not time enough to hear from everyone present. It was interesting to see how young all the speakers were, or at least their speeches. With the exception of Hayes, who sang Nisbet Lawrence's song of "Hurrah, Hurrah, for '66 Hurrah!" no one allowed himself to "indulge in affecting reminiscences," but all spoke cheerfully of the present and confidently of the future. Numerous entries were made for the position of last survivor of the Class, and an astonishing number of nonagenarian ancestors and relatives were proudly referred to. The Secretary, however, was not asked to register any bets, nor was any money placed in his hands as stakeholder.

The speakers were: —

Batchelor†	Gregg
Buswell	Hawes
Carpenter	Leonard
Derby	Peabody
Dunbar	Shaw
Emerson	Stoddard
Farlow	Storey
Fenno	

The singing suffered greatly from the absence of Osgood and his historic baton. Perhaps the Secretary was a little pusillanimous, but the vocal success of "Fair Harvard" was not so great as to induce him to call for the Class Song.

During the speaking a delegation of three appeared bearing a magnum of champagne and the greetings of the Class of '91. The reception of the delegation was not less cordial, because

*The censor refused to let the cable pass, till he received from Osgood my circular explaining the mystic figures "'66."

† Whose motto, by the way, is "'66 ueber alles."

they were the sons of our classmates Longworth, Osgood, and Perkins. The Class of '74 also called on us through their representatives, bringing pleasant words and an offering of wine. Sometime before midnight, possibly a trifle *lassati*, but surely *non satiati*, we took hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne."

The first thing to be said about Commencement Day is, that the weather was fine. It was neither too hot nor too cold, and Aquarius did us the favor, whether from kindness of heart or fatigue is uncertain, of hanging up his watering pot. A good many of the Class met at the Union Club and took the automobiles waiting for them for a drive through Boston and its suburbs to Cambridge. Owing to unforeseen delays, we did not have time, to our regret, to take in Leonard's house on our way, but we were able to call at Hayes's, where Miss Hayes received us, and we partook of a slight refreshment, including a sup of Farnham's Fish House punch, kindly brewed for us by his son. It was a hard struggle getting away from the Colonel's, who had so much to show us that was interesting and attractive both inside and out of the house. The approach of the hour at which we had bidden our guests hurried us away to Phillips Brooks House. Here we had the pleasure of lunching some two hundred and fifty men, — those in college before us, those in college with us, and a few others especially invited. We were all agreed, I think, that we never had met more agreeable men in a more agreeable manner. Our guests certainly seemed to enjoy themselves, and the Class received many compliments upon the success of the entertainment. All too soon our escort of marshals appeared to escort us to a post of honor in the Alumni Procession which marched about the Yard to the Quadrangle behind Sever. Here to the assembled Alumni Storey delivered in behalf of the Class the address which you will find on a later page. At the conclusion of his speech the Alumni Chorus, in accordance with the announcement of the President of the Alumni, sang Osgood's "In Arcady."

Later, as the sun began slowly to approach the horizon, two men of distinguished but kindly bearing might have been seen

walking slowly and with dignity from Phillips Brooks House by Holden Chapel and out of the Yard. They were Colonel Hayes and the Secretary. Immediately behind them came a colored henchman of the Colonel's bearing with conscious pride the sacred silver, the Secretary's gift from the Class. In the middle distance, as the cortege passed, a middle-aged citizen bared his head, in admiration or in liquor, or possibly both. And so ended the glorious Semi-Centennial of the Glorious Class of 1866.

Before closing, the Secretary is glad to express to Mrs. Farlow the thanks of the Class and of all our women relatives for the delightful luncheon and reception which the latter enjoyed at Farlow's house on Quincy Street. Among those present was the Class Baby, bearing the Class Cradle. Her oldest baby is twenty-two.

From the luncheon the ladies went to the Alumni meeting and heard Storey's address and the other speeches.

And now I must be permitted to say a word about the silver. It is indeed a beautiful gift, both in design and workmanship. Upon the bowl, done in the highest skill of the engraver, is the seal of the College and the inscription:—

CHARLES EDWIN STRATTON
CLASS SECRETARY
FROM
THE CLASS OF 1866
ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS
GRADUATION.

and on the salver:—

CHARLES EDWIN STRATTON
FROM
HIS CLASSMATES
1866-1916.

A network of silver permits the filling of the bowl with flowers, when not needed for purposes of vinous refreshment.

The silver was on exhibition on Commencement Day at Phillips Brooks House and was much admired by our guests.

I hope to be able later to have it photographed successfully for the benefit of those of you who have not seen it.

But what can I say to you? Words seem feeble and inadequate to express my feelings. You are my only offspring. I have tried to watch over and take care of you faithfully for forty-seven years, and you have been ever kind, considerate, and most appreciative. After all, I can only repeat what sprung to my lips Commencement Eve, when the gift was made me: "Bless ye, my children."

CHARLES E. STRATTON.

THE RED HALF CENTURY
OF THE CLASS OF '66

Our Class was born mid clouds of war
That darkened all the Southern sky.
Its boom and flashes came from far
Where thousands met to fight and die.
For freedom's sake that struggle came
To purge our land with blood and flame.

Among our books from day to day
We caught the tumult and the gleam,
In leisure hours forgot to play,
So solemn did that distance seem,
Where heroes strove by day and night;
Each for a cause he thought was right.

Three years we watched that tragic scene
With thrills of blood and bated breath,
Till Richmond's fall came o'er the screen
And peace shed tears o'er Lincoln's death.
In our last year the flags were furled
And blessed Peace smiled o'er the world.

The arch that spans these fifty years,
What varied hues its bow presents
Of joys and sorrows, smiles and tears;
What painful scenes! What strange events!
How these, as in a magic glass,
Reflect the fortunes of our class!

Disease and death have thinned its ranks,
But birth and health give recompense;
Some still are sad while some give thanks.
Unequal gifts of Providence
Seem some to curse while some are blest.
So 't is with us, as with the rest.

Now at our red half century's close
Dark war clouds lower in Eastern skies;
The light of peace no longer glows
To cheer the patriot's longing eyes.
But when our gaze we westward turn,
There still doth Freedom's beacon burn.

Soon may its blaze dispel that gloom,
And wake the light of Liberty!
Then may it bring the despot's doom
And spread that light o'er land and sea;
With war's black flag forever furled,
May Freedom shout o'er all the world!

Our Class was born mid war's alarms,
But in its cradle saw the glow
Of peace dispel the smoke of arms.
O, may it now behold that bow
Span o'er the shining sky again,
With peace on earth, good will toward men!

STOREY'S ADDRESS TO THE ALUMNI

MR. PRESIDENT AND BROTHER ALUMNI:

This is a serious moment. Half a century ago we were sent into the world with Harvard's stamp upon us, with the best training that she could give us, and with bright hopes for our future. Then was our "glad confident morning," and I can still hear the voice of the older graduate who said to me at the end of our Commencement, "Oh! to be young is beautiful!" Now, when the shadows are growing long and our day is nearly gone, those of us who are left are brought to the bar and bidden tell what we have done with our fifty years — what reckoning we can give of the talents entrusted to us. It is fortunate for us that this command comes from our brothers, whose own experience has taught them to be indulgent.

No Harvard class on its fiftieth anniversary has yet presented a barren record, and we are not ashamed of ours, though it is in no way remarkable. As I run my eye down the list of my classmates I note that to the very first on the roll more than to any other man Boston owes the stately and beautiful building which now houses her Public Library, while from the water side the lofty tower of the Custom House, which the energy and courage, no less than the taste and skill of another classmate secured as an ornament for his city, graces the landscape. These two are perhaps our most conspicuous and enduring monuments, though many another building here at Harvard and elsewhere will long preserve the fame of the brilliant architect who fifty years ago was our chief marshal.

We have felt the obligation which rests upon educated men and have not only carried on the torch of learning which we received from our Alma Mater, but have added some new oil to the reservoir from which its flame is fed. No less than ten of us have been college professors, and others have been teachers whose work has been hardly less important, though they have labored in fields of which the Quinquennial takes no note.

To the great advance in medicine and surgery since 1866 we have made notable contributions. To the Harvard Medical School we have given two professors, to Columbia two, to Jefferson one, and they have done much to enhance the reputation of American medicine abroad as well as at home. Among our distinguished surgeons is one who by his services during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 achieved unique distinction, being added to the Legion of Honor by France and decorated with the Iron Cross by Prussia, a proof of true neutrality.

Harvard owes to us a professor of botany who is a worthy successor of his great teacher Gray, and whose works will live after him. Another classmate has taught the classics in several universities, has been long a professor and for some years a president, while the Institute of Technology has received from us a professor of architecture, and Cambridge a professor of church history. Not content with the field offered by our own country, we have crossed the seas in search of other worlds, have given two presidents to the American College at Rome, and have sent to a university in Japan, whose name we were not taught to pronounce, a professor of English, to whose teachings we confidently attribute the rapid advance of Japan in military science and material efficiency, which we are pleased to call civilization.

Substantially all this can be learned by any one from the Quinquennial Catalogue, which also shows that no one of us has been called by his fellow-citizens to any public office high enough to be recorded, save one who was a justice of the Supreme Court in Ohio and who died too early.

But there are many achievements which the catalogue does not chronicle. What else can we say for our fifty years? Like most graduates of Harvard, we have led the lives of private citizens, working each in his profession or employment with varying success, and we hope that we have at least deserved the modest praise of Horace:—

"Nec vixit male qui natus moriensque fefellit"

which for those who cannot understand Latin as I was taught to pronounce it I will translate.

"Nor is his life a failure who from birth to death has lived unknown."

We have taken our part in the contests of our day, we have supplied great metropolitan journals with editors, we have written books on various subjects, we have not been without influence in many ways, though we have not commanded the applause of listening senates nor observed any great concern for our future in the eyes of our countrymen. I think I may say that we have fought for what seemed to us right without regard to our personal fortunes, certainly without winning any great preferment.

It is perhaps worth recording in these days, when Americans are charged with caring only for the dollar, that no one of us is to be numbered among the possessors of great wealth. We have earned respectable livings, and some of us have done more, but no one is conspicuously rich. This condition is not peculiar to our class, but is common among the graduates of Harvard. She has many rich alumni, but most of these have inherited their wealth or the opportunity which a well-established business offers, and many have used such opportunities with skill and success, but by far the larger proportion of her children do not devote themselves to making money. We may fairly conclude from this that they are taught here to care for the higher things of life, and that they learn not only the truth which lies in the words "*noblesse oblige*," but that which might be expressed by "*noblesse defend*." There are steps that lead to wealth and distinction which he cannot take who knows that life offers many better things than money, and I like to believe that my classmates have been true to this faith.

From among them I might name not a few whose modest lives have been crowned with the truest success. May I tell you, to illustrate my meaning, the story of one, a tall, ungainly, shy youth with slight personal attraction and no charm of manner, who came to Harvard with no friends or background and, hardly known by most of his classmates, lived during his four years the secluded life of a hard student, or what we used to call "a dig." He graduated with very high honors and having studied medicine settled in a squalid district of the city and devoted himself to the care of the poor and miserable. He

was their doctor, their adviser, their friend, their servant, I might almost say their slave. He worked for them day and night and never faltered in his task while his strength endured. He was unknown outside his immediate neighborhood, but there he was worshipped by the many who leaned upon him, and when after seventeen years of toil he died, there was more genuine grief felt, there were more bitter tears shed by those whom he had served, than will follow the death of many a man whom the world honors. His name is "writ in water," his memory will not survive the men who knew him, but weighed in the true scales, what career can be held more really successful than his? It is in such lives that the sons of Harvard should find inspiring examples.

But you may well ask what we have learned in our fifty years. Is there no word of counsel that as old men we can speak to our juniors? Our lives have been barren indeed if we cannot answer this demand. Let me try to frame the response. We graduated some fifteen months after the great Civil War had ended, and during our years here we had every opportunity to feel its inspiration. We have lived to see the world involved in the greatest war of all time, whose end and whose consequences no man can foresee. We saw the reaction in this country which came when the tense strain of war was relaxed; we watched the great material progress which followed with its accompanying financial and political corruption; we deplored the general lowering of moral standards which was inevitable, when the minds of our countrymen were turned from the great issue of national life and death to the advancement of their personal fortunes. We cannot but dread like effects when this terrible struggle is over, and men are again free to pick up the threads of their shattered lives and can turn from hardship and danger to comfort and peace. We know that these effects will not be limited to the countries now at war, for the world is united so closely that no great loss can befall any nation which every other nation does not share.

Years clear our vision and we see the dangers which threaten the world from race hatred, from class antagonism, from law-

less labor, from greedy capital, from lack of leadership, from want of organization among those who should work for the public good, from dearth of public spirit, in a word from selfishness. We are exposed to more imminent perils than the danger of foreign invasion, the perils which beset a "land where wealth accumulates," and preparation for these is required. Never did mankind more sorely need disinterested service, and nowhere is there a body of men better fitted to make the sacrifice which disinterested service demands than the graduates of Harvard College. What we need is the resolution to do one's work well, and in the words of Justice Holmes "leave it unadvertised." To modify slightly the words of Judge Hoar, the aim of the Harvard man should be "to do something and be modest about it."

" Whither leads the path
To ampler fates that leads
Not down through flowery meads to reap an aftermath
Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
But up the steep amid the shock and wrath
Of deadly-hostile creeds,
Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle flashes gropes its desperate way,
And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds."

Though our Class introduced baseball at Harvard and I was for a bright moment a member of our first nine, years have taught us that there are far more important questions than whether Harvard or Yale wins a race or a match, and we could wish that the time, the thought, and the money devoted by mature men to the games of their youth might be directed to nobler ends. We may hope that in time the children of the nation will be taught by the example of their fathers to see the problems of life in a truer perspective. It is fatally easy to find satisfaction in the pleasures and ease that wealth offers, to give one's time and thought to sport, to be the friend of every man, to lie low when a crisis comes and avoid the risk of losing popularity or business, and many there be who find this broad way. Nay, more, it is easy to stifle one's conscience by espousing actively some cause or some reform which for the

moment is popular and thus get credit for public spirit. As a gifted graduate of Harvard once said, "When I can do a good act and at the same time make money, I find that all my faculties are working in harmonious coöperation." It is the inconspicuous or unpopular service that tries our manhood, and while it may be true that "Heaven helps him who helps himself," it is equally true that Heaven reserves its choicest blessings for him who helps others.

We have learned that the best thing which the world offers is work, and work for other people. Not work for money or office, not work for notoriety or distinction, but work for some cause that is worthy of all we can give, that will fill our lives with what is worth living for. The years before us will tax the best that is in us, the calls for help come from every side, and whether we will or no, unless we respond and give what we can, we and our children must pay the penalty.

I found in a story the other day the words of an old blacksmith: "Many blows to make a man's fortune, but remember, son, the blows are better than the fortune. Always." Or in the words of Lowell which I like to quote: —

"'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay
But the high faith that failed not by the way."

This is the lesson of life rightly understood.

Give your might to the work which your hand findeth to do and forget yourself. Happy is he who learns this lesson at the beginning and not at the end of fifty years.

So far, Mr. President, I have spoken for my class. Now let me say a few words for myself — words which should be spoken by someone, somewhere, to-day, and I know no place and no audience better fitted to hear them than this.

We are in the presence of the most terrible war that the world has ever known, and the minds of men are turning to the question of how this evil can be prevented, how we can stop war. Some weeks ago I went to Washington and there attended the first annual meeting of the League to Enforce Peace. Ex-President Taft presided, and is its president; the President of the United States addressed it; the President of Harvard

College has taken a very active, a very useful part in organizing it, and he addressed it at that time. All the great interests of the country were represented, and when a demand was made for money to carry out the purposes of the organization, the response was generous beyond all imagination and immediate. The evidence was clear that all the great forces of this country were ready to contribute of their time, their influence, and their money towards the prevention of war.

And what is the plan? It is that the nations of this world shall form an alliance, and shall agree that when any two nations are proposing to go to war they shall first arbitrate their differences, and if they refuse they shall be compelled to do so by the forces of all the associates. After that has been done, if they do not see fit to abide the result of the arbitration, they may go on and fight. But the belief of those who projected this plan is that the discussion of the question will result in finding out that the real occasion for war does not exist, and that the war will be avoided by the arbitration and discussion.

That is the plan, and the plan is for this country to go to the nations of Europe and ask them to join that alliance, to agree that they will submit their questions to this arbitration, or submit to be coerced by the United States and the other powers that become members of the alliance.

Now, gentlemen, we are face to face with the question whether we shall go to war with Mexico. I can imagine nothing in the world more shocking and more terrible than such a war is likely to be. It shocks the very first principle that I was taught by my father and mother — "Take a fellow of your size when you want to fight."

For this great nation of a hundred millions of people to take all its vast resources and turn them upon that poor, unhappy country, torn by internal dissensions, bled almost white, deprived of wealth, deprived of everything — for us to turn our machine guns and our rifles upon them, kill them right and left, and overrun their country — I cannot for a moment contemplate the possibility of the United States doing so foul a deed.

The question I want to put to you gentlemen is this: Is there not virtue enough, is there not kindliness enough, is there not common sense enough in this United States for us to set an example by making our own country do that which we are expecting to do through the alliance hereafter with the countries of Europe? Has not this great organization, this League to Enforce Peace, with its presidents and its various officers, and its enormous capital — has it not influence enough to say to the United States: “Before you commit this country to a war with Mexico, let us submit to impartial arbitrators — like the men of the Argentine Republic and Brazil and Chile, who have served us before — the question whether there is any earthly reason why we should go to this war?”

Nobody wants this war. Nobody has anything to gain by it. It is absolutely inconceivable that Carranza — in addition to all the difficulties that he now has — wishes to involve his unhappy country in a war with us. It may be that he finds himself in a position where the people of Mexico say: “We do not believe that the United States is dealing fairly with us. The forces which are now in the Mexican territory came there by our permission for a particular purpose and are now staying for a different purpose against our will.” We asked permission to go into Mexico and chase a bandit — an expedition as little likely to succeed, if I may use a homely illustration, as the fat policeman is likely to catch the little Irish boy who has thrown a stone at him. One man like Villa — and he is the only man we are now hunting — can elude our pursuit for years.

Is it strange that the people of Mexico should have their doubts and suspicions? They can remember that less than seventy years ago, in a war to extend the area of slavery, we robbed them of their fairest and most valuable provinces. They can remember that not a great many years ago we went into a war for the benefit of civilization and humanity, insisting that we should regard it as criminal aggression to take from any nation its right to independence, and we came out of it with Porto Rico and the Philipppines. They will remember

also that we are running our Panama Canal through the land which we took from Colombia in violation of treaty. They will remember those things. Is it strange that they should suspect our motive? Put yourselves in their place, and ask yourselves what you would think if men who had come into the country to chase a bandit were remaining there and fortifying themselves, though the bandit had long since escaped.

We on the other hand say: "We do not believe you are dealing fairly with us," and our Secretary of State publishes a long document in which he charges them with every sort of violation of our rights. Those charges may be true or false; their suspicions may be false or they may be true. If we are civilized we shall go to a council table and sit down and discuss them before we involve this nation in war. We shall find out whether our suspicions or their suspicions are right or wrong. If we are right, we can satisfy them and something better than war can result.

If we do not adopt this reasonable course, what can we gain? If we had the whole of Mexico to-day we should have, in addition to all our present troubles, the problem which the Mexican government has been unable to solve. We should be undertaking to impose our government on an unwilling people, with a result which we saw the other day in the streets of Dublin.

We should send our young men down there unprepared, as the Governor has just told you, to encounter the hardships of that climate—to die by nobody knows how many thousands. That confidence in the rectitude of our purposes which we have been trying so hard to create in the South American nations will be gone. And, more than that, at a time when every particle of influence which we can exert ought to be exerted on the side of freedom and democracy on the other side of the water, we should be involved in this miserable struggle in Mexico. And if the Germans wish to renew their submarine attacks, where should we be? We should be paralyzed.

There are many of us who believe that this whole Mexican situation is largely caused by European intervention. It may be, or it may not be; but what we want to-day is to have all

the power that we can exert ready in case it becomes necessary to put a stop to the barbarism on the other side of the ocean.

There never was a war which could be more easily stopped than this if we only had the sense to stop it. All we want is time and discussion: not discussion among ourselves, but discussion in the presence of neutral arbitrators.

The League to Enforce Peace might just as well dissolve to-morrow if they cannot control the action of their own country — if they cannot control the action of the United States. If we cannot make the United States arbitrate this miserable difference, what is the hope that we shall ever persuade the nations of Europe to arbitrate their differences? The forces that lie behind war there are infinitely stronger than those which make for this war.

This is our opportunity. If we have the sense, if we have what we are pleased to call Christianity enough, this war can be stopped. If we choose to sit by, we are going to drift into a situation the end of which no man can foresee, but out of which no good can possibly come — either to the United States or to Mexico.

I will end by quoting the words of our greatest soldier: "Let us have peace!"

SOPHOMORE CLASS SUPPER

TAFT'S HOTEL, POINT SHIRLEY,
NOVEMBER 24th, 1863.

BILL OF FARE

1ST COURSE.

Oysters on Half Shell.

2ND COURSE.

Roast Leg of Venison, with Jelly.

3RD COURSE.

Roast Wild Goose; Roast Turkey; Roast Mongrel Goose.

4TH COURSE.

Canvas-back Ducks;
Red-head Ducks;
Erie Black Ducks;
Erie Mallard Ducks;
American Widgeon;
Blue-bill Widgeon;
Ruffle-head Teal;
Blue-wing Teal;
Creek Ducks;
Brant.

5TH COURSE.

Roast Pin-tail Grouse; Roast Partridge; Roast Canada Grouse;

6TH COURSE.

Roast Quails.
Currant, Grape, and Wine Jellies.
Pastry
Ice Creams
Charlotte Russe
Dessert
All Kinds of the Season.
Coffee.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON,

Tuesday, June 23, 1891.

MENU.

Little Neck Clams.

SOUP.

Clear Green Turtle, a l'Anglaise.

Puree Green Pea.

FISH.

Boiled Penobscot Salmon, a la Hollandaise.

Fried Soft Shell Crabs, Tartar Sauce.

Dressed Cucumbers.

Tomatoes Mayonnaise.

REMOVES.

Loin of Spring Lamb, Mint Sauce.

Filet of Beef, with Mushrooms.

Roast Spring Chicken, larded, Giblet Sauce.

ENTREES.

Sweetbreads, larded, Points Asparagus.

Bouchee of Lobster, a la Cardinal.

Peaches a la Condé, with Rice.

ROMAN PUNCH.

GAME.

Black Breast Plover.

English Snipe.

Lettuce Salad.

SWEETS.

Parisienne Soufflée.

Charlotte a la Moderne.

Madeira Jelly.

Frozen Pudding.

Roquefort and Swiss Cheese.

Toasted Crackers.

Olives.

DESSERT.

Strawberries.

Cherries.

Pineapple.

Assorted Nuts and Raisins.

Ice Cream.

Coffee.

Sherbet.

HARVARD CLUB OF BOSTON

June 21, 1916

MENU

MELON

CONSOMMÉ MACEDOINE

PENOBSCOT SALMON

GREEN PEAS

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

ROAST DUCKLING

CREAMED ONIONS

POTATO CROQUETTES

ASPARAGUS

TOMATO AND LETTUCE SALAD

AND

CRACKERS AND CHEESE

VANILLA ICE CREAM

AND

FRESH STRAWBERRIES

CAKE

COFFEE

P. S. — I have brought my scrap books to each quinquennial dinner, thinking that you might like to look them over, but you have always been too busy about other things to give attention to the books. I have recently gone through them to see if there is anything to extract from them for the present purpose. With the exception of a piece of the football of the famous Bloody Monday night of our first term Sophomore, and a piece of the beaver of the unfortunate freshman, Braman, they are filled largely with examination papers, invitations to class day spreads, invitations to attend meetings of the faculty, notices of deductions, newspaper extracts, and so on. So I have simply had copied my college bill and my board bill for the first term Sophomore, thinking that possibly they might have some interest for you.

Mr. C. E. STRATTON,

to HARVARD COLLEGE, Dr.

To bill for *first term* ending January 20, 1864, (S. & F.)

Instruction, Library, and Lecture Rooms	\$34.50
Instruction in Gymnastics	2.00
Rent, and Care of Room	10.50
Special Repairs by general average	0.70
Cash paid Sever & Francis for Class-Books delivered . .	16.55
“ “ W. T. Richardson for Wood and other fuel delivered	8.33
“ “ Cambridge Gas Light Company for Gas . . .	3.10
	\$75.68

Rec'd pay't,

G. B. DANA,

Assistant Steward of Harvard College.

“Every Student is required, without delay, to discharge his term bills; and no Student shall be permitted to occupy his chamber, join his class, or continue at the University for more than one week after the end of any vacation, unless he shall, within that time, have paid his term bill for the preceding term. And if any Student shall be absent, for non-payment of a bill, for more than one month after the beginning of the term when the same

ought to be paid, his chamber may be assigned to another, and he shall not be restored to the privileges of the University, until he shall produce, from some respectable gentleman in his neighborhood, a certificate, testifying to his good behavior in his absence, nor until he shall pass a satisfactory examination in his studies."

Steward's office closes at 1/2 after 12 o'clock, M.

Cambridge.

Mr. C. E. STRATTON

To A. MORGAN, Dr.

1864.

Jan. Your term's board \$93.50

Received payment,

A. MORGAN.

ERRATA IN THE CLASS REPORT

The asterisk was omitted on page 39 before Kettell's name and on page 76 before Virgin's. On page 57 the word "our" was omitted from the first line of our Class Song. On page 78, four lines from the foot, the exclamation point should be the numeral 1.

The Secretary will be grateful if you will notify him of any other errors of omission or commission.

Since the publication of the Report the Secretary has learned that Mayer's mother is still living and he has sent her a Report. I believe that F. J. Brown's mother and Shaw's father are the only other living parents of the Class.

While the foregoing pages were in the printer's hands the Secretary came across the following in an edition of "Hoyle's Games," published about the time we were entering College:

"The game Sixty-six, we do not hesitate to pronounce the best game of cards for two players that we ever practised."

May I be permitted to close with this sentence from the same book:

"On concluding his labors the Editor dismisses this little volume with the hope that it may prove conducive to the pleasures of many a fireside."

C. E. S.

